

Good Morning 453

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

THE London Gazette announces the following awards "for great courage and skill in successful patrols in H.M. submarines in Far Eastern waters":—

Bar to the D.S.C.

Lieut.-Comdr. Leslie William Abel Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

The D.S.C.

Lieut.-Comdr. Richard Molyneux Favell, R.N.;
Lieut. (E) Alan Arthur Summerhayes, R.N.

Bar to the D.S.M.

Chief Engine Room Artificer James Montagu Rowe, D.S.M., D/MX49580.

The D.S.M.

Acting Chief Petty Officer Samuel Short, C/J112615.
Chief Stoker William James Adams, C/K44175.

Engine Room Artificer Fourth Class John Stewart Heath, P/MX53748.

Temp. Acting Leading Seaman Albert Sutton, P/SSX17788.

Mention in Despatches.

Lieut. John Milton Steadman, D.S.C., R.N.R.

Lieut. Lindsay Arthur Pirie, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

Engine Room Artificer Third Class David James Hughes, D/X2962E.A.

Electrical Artificer Third Class Arthur Sidney Bracher, D/MX58177.

Leading Seaman George Peter Whiting, C/JX152947.

Temporary Acting Leading Seaman Cecil Jerrard, P/JX135997.

Temporary Acting Leading Seaman Joseph Morton, D/JX151321.

Temporary Acting Leading Stoker James Ernest Neale, P/KX1104750.

Able Seaman George Bruce, C/JX335586.

Stoker First Class Henry John Dale, D/KX134882.

Stoker First Class William Edwin Illsley, P/KX1119781.

Heartiest congratulations from "Good Morning," gentlemen.

FIRST letter I opened this morning was from your home. A.B. Edward Gallagher. Your wife and the fast-growing Derek are both well and ask for their love to be sent to you.

Reason for the letter, apart from message to you, was request for some prints of the photograph that appeared in "Good Morning" No. 309. They are on the way.

A LETTER from your mother, Mr. Morris, says all at Margravine Road, Hammer-smith, are well, and that a visit from our staff reporter and photographer would be welcome.

Your mother says all the

John King
writes of the
King Willows
of Essex

Quit Hospital— Scored Test 140

TO score a century in a Test match is always a feat, but to do so when ill—very ill—is something out of the ordinary, and was twice performed by an out-of-the-ordinary batsman, Jack Russell, of Essex.

This star Essex cricketer possessed the big-match temperament in every way. No matter how hard the going might be, or the opposition formidable, Russell was always cool and confident.

Especially was this so when he played in Test matches, when his reliable style stood him, and his country, in very good stead.

There is one Test match always associated with Jack Russell of Essex—the fifth Test against South Africa, played at Durban in 1923.

Soon after the start of the match Jack Russell was taken seriously ill. None of his colleagues expected to see him for some time, as he was taken to hospital; but they obviously did not know Jack Russell as well as they thought, for when England badly needed runs, Jack walked out of hospital much against the wishes of the staff, took his place at the crease, and knocked up a brilliant 140.

Then, more dead than alive, he was taken back to hospital and placed in bed.

"That's enough for the present match," said the doctor, but a day later, when news reached Russell that England again needed every run, he put on his clothes and made for the exit.

Doctors and nurses protested; said that the cricketer was running a very great risk, and they would not be responsible for the outcome of his enthusiasm.

But England needed runs, and Jack Russell was going to try and get his share. And he did, rattling up a beautiful 111 which enabled England to win the rubber.

The people of South Africa were thrilled by the Essex man who had twice risen from a sick-bed to score a century, and to commemorate this feat a tree was planted at Durban. It is

there to this day, a tribute to a great cricketer's bravery.

Morris Stanley Nicholls, tall and whole-hearted all-rounder, and one of the present mainstays of Essex, is very similar in outlook and style to Russell.

Although he may not possess the fluency of strokes displayed by Russell, or have scored so many centuries, he is a real star who has for many years pleased crowds in many parts of the world.

BY RIGHT AND LEFT.

Nicholls is one of those strange players who bowls with his right arm, yet bats left-handed—and this fact has often proved invaluable to Essex and England; yet the man who is now considered among the best four all-rounders in cricket began purely and simply as a batsman.

As a matter of fact, it was by sheer accident that he concentrated upon bowling.

During his junior days, a pair of batsmen were hitting so many runs that Nicholls's captain, when he had tried all the other men, tossed the ball to him and asked him to try his hand.

The first two deliveries sent down by Nicholls flew over the wicket-keeper's head. When he delivered the third the young batsman facing him automatically ducked, but the length of the ball was good, and it hit the lad on the head and laid him out!

Immediately there was a scream from among the spectators, and a woman, carrying an umbrella, rushed on to the field to see what had happened to her son.

Finding he was not badly hurt, she turned upon Morris Nicholls and made to "do something." Young Nicholls didn't wait for further umbrella brandishment on her part, but scooted—with the excited woman in hot pursuit.

Thus Morris Nicholls, later to become one of our greatest fast bowlers, had his introduction to the difficulties of being a "speed merchant."

Essex, in addition to Nicholls, have been well served by outstanding fast bowlers of recent years. We have seen the amateur E. Reid, and the England amateur star Ken Farnes—who lost his life in an air crash a few months ago—give wonderful performances, with Farnes' feats putting him among the greatest bowlers of all time.

SACKED FOR CRICKET.

Tall, dark and handsome, Ken Farnes, when the Australians visited this country in 1930,

"V 5"

Two Bavarians who surrendered to the British troops south of Caen, discovered a secret weapon during the preceding night's R.A.F. 1,000-bomber attack, according to Press correspondents in Normandy.

One Bavarian told the correspondent, "The attack began and we took shelter in a shallow trench. When it was over I said, 'Well, there is only one answer to this—V5.'"

His comrade replied, "What is V5?"

"V5," said number one, "is a very large white flag on a very long pole."



Farnes in Action

was working in a London business. At school and University he had been a great bowler, but work in an office presented him with few opportunities of playing or seeing first-class games.

Anyway, when Essex played the Australians at Chelmsford towards the end of the summer of 1930 Farnes took time off from his work to watch the Australians.

For two days he watched the stars from "Down Under" doing their stuff—and in the evening went into the nets near his home and tried to put into practice what he had picked up during the day.

Then he received a letter from his firm telling him he would no longer be required—in fact, he'd been sacked through going to see the Australians play!

Soon, however, Farnes had gained for himself a place in the Essex County team—and then came his greatest thrill. He was picked to play against Australia. And the young man who had once lost his job because he watched the stars from "Down Under" secured ten wickets in his first Test!

We shall never again see this young giant, in the fullest sense, again playing the game he loved so much... but Farnes's spirit will be felt in many of the young players waiting to get their chance in the Essex team when peace returns.

He was sports master at a large school, and passed on to youth the experience he had gained in the big game. To these lads he was an idol; few youngsters could have had a better as a cricketer or a gentleman.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



Illsley Family Smile
their Congratulations

family is on war work, so the call will have to be made during the evening.

So keep your eyes down, mister; home news coming up.

STOKER FRANK HOLT writes to me from Hatston to send greetings to former shipmates who are still in submarines. Frank, it seems, after surviving trouble in H.M. Submarine "Censored" was unfit for active service and has been shore-based for a while.

There's quite a few ex-submariners with him, so he gets ample opportunities of discussing old times, but he would very much appreciate letters from former oppos. Letters addressed to him at this office will be forwarded.

IN case you think the Yanks are just talking, I quote an official report:—

American submarines have sunk 16 more Japanese ships in the Pacific, according to the United States Navy Department. They included one naval auxiliary vessel, 11 medium cargo ships and four small cargo ships.

The report showed the rate of sinkings by American submarines to be better than two

ships a day. Submarines alone have sunk 50 Japanese craft so far this month. They are credited with having sunk, probably sunk, or destroyed 774 enemy vessels since the outbreak of war.

See what I mean?

THIS paragraph comes from a London newspaper:—

"I hear of a strange request received by a naval comforts fund from a submarine in the Far East. The crew asked for a ton of hops."

"We discovered," I was told, "that the fiery native spirits, the only form of liquid refreshment obtainable, did not agree with the crew, and they wanted to make their own beer."

The hops were sent." Note the first person throughout? Strange that a national newspaper should know so much about submariners, when the submariners' paper knows so little—don't you think?

Why not tell us?

Ron Richards

Spring Song for L.Tel. Jack Duckenfield

HERE'S calling L.Tel. Jack Duckenfield, with a bundle of happy memories from a sixteen-day leave in the spring.

Do you remember, Jack, that lovely warm, lazy afternoon when you dug out the deck chair, changed into a pair of old "bags" and your tennis shirt, and retired into the garden with a packet of cigarettes, thoroughly determined to unravel the mysteries of navigation, with the help of a hand-book?

Hum... By the looks of things when we arrived, you hadn't been doing much about the navigation!

Still, you had been doing a spot of work here and there, the garden certainly looked better for the work that you had put in on it. Then there was that cupboard which you had painted, so maybe you deserved a nap after all.

Your mother had been busy, too; in fact, she still was very busy when we called.

Remember how she disappeared inside to take off her



overalls and dustcap when she realised that we were going to take her photograph? You must save her this copy, Jack, just to show her that it was worth her trouble, and show her how grand she looks. You've had your quota of memoirs from us, the rest you must think up for yourself.

OCEAN OF FIRE

Part XVIII

ON the 27th of May, the country began to take a new aspect; hills appeared, and announced mountains near. They would have to clear the chain that separates the basin of the Niger from that of the Senegal, the watershed that makes the waters flow either to the Gulf of Guinea or Cape Verd Bay.

The Victoria was sinking visibly; they were obliged to throw out even useful objects, especially when they had to clear a hill-top. The envelope of the balloon grew longer; the wind made depressions in it. Kennedy pointed this out to the doctor.

"Is there not some fissure in the balloon?" he asked.

"No," answered the doctor, "but the gutta-percha is evidently softened by the heat, and the hydrogen escapes through the silk. The only thing we can do is to lighten the balloon."

"I don't see what we are to throw out next," said Kennedy, looking round the half-empty car. "We will throw the tent out. It is very heavy."

Joe climbed up to the ring that held the cords of the net, unfastened the thick curtains of the tent, and threw them out.

"There's enough to make a whole tribe of blacks happy; it will make clothes for a thousand."

The balloon rose a little, but it soon became evident that it was sinking again.

"I think I see the mountains," said Kennedy.

"Yes, those are they," said the doctor, after looking through his telescope. "They are very high. I don't think we shall be able to cross them."

The dangerous obstacles seemed to get nearer with extreme rapidity.

"Let us empty our water cask, and only keep enough for one day," said Fergusson. "Here goes!" cried Joe.

"Does the balloon go up?" asked Kennedy.

"A little; fifty feet or so," answered the doctor, who did not take his eyes off the barometer. "But it is not enough."

They were still 500 feet lower than the mountains. They threw out the provision of water for the serpentine, but that was insufficient.

"Throw out the empty casks," said the doctor.

"There they are!" cried Joe.

"Now, Joe, swear you won't jump out again, whatever happens; we can't do without you."

"I won't, sir."

WANGLING WORDS—392

1. Put a miss in SS and get some beams. (There's a catch in this!)

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Thigl kame nyam rowk dansh.**

3. In the following four English counties the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout. What are they? 323315, 13315, 3244687, N6R4687.

4. Find the two hidden Canadian provinces in: You're a pal, Bert—a real man. I, to back you up, will swear I saw you.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 391

1. Tear.S.
2. The rain it raineth every day.
3. Lion, Tiger, Lemur, Panda.
4. Stain-er, Chop-in.

The summits of the mountains were still higher than the balloon. "In ten minutes we shall be dashed against the rocks if we don't get higher," said the doctor. "Throw out the pemmican, and all the heavy meat, Joe."

The balloon was again lightened of 50 lbs. weight; it rose visibly, but it did not pass the top. The situation was frightful. Dr. Fergusson looked round the car. It was nearly empty. "Dick, we must throw your firearms out."

"Oh, I can't let them go."

"They may cost us our lives."

"We are approaching!" cried Joe.

The mountain was still fifty feet above the balloon. Joe took the rugs and threw them out. Without saying anything to Kennedy, he threw out several bags of cartridges. The balloon itself then rose above the rocks, but the car was right against them.

"Kennedy," cried the doctor, "throw out your arms, or we are lost!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Dick!" called out Joe, and Kennedy, turning round, saw him disappear outside the car.

"Joe! Joe!" cried he and the doctor.

The top of the mountain was in that place about twenty feet wide; the car grazed the rocky summit. "That's it; we are clear!" cried out a voice that made Fergusson's heart beat.

The courageous fellow was holding on to the lower edge of the car with his hands; he ran across the summit, thus ridding the balloon of his weight; he was even obliged to hold it down with all his might. When he reached the opposite side, and the abyss lay before him, he caught hold of the ropes, and by a vigorous effort climbed up again beside his companions.

The Victoria now had only to go down, and that was but too easy; it was soon at 200 feet from the ground. The country presented many obstacles to a balloon over which all control had been lost, as it was covered with hills. Notwithstanding the doctor's repugnance, he was obliged to halt that night. He bade Joe throw out the anchors over a vast forest they were crossing.

The Victoria stopped suddenly; its anchors had caught; the wind fell, and the balloon remained suspended over a vast field of verdure, formed by the tops of a forest of sycamores.

Dr. Fergusson took the height of the stars, and found that he was scarcely twenty-five miles from the Senegal.

"We must cross the river," he said; "but as there are no boats, we must cross in the balloon; and we must lighten it still more."

"I don't know how we are to do that," answered the

hunter, who feared for his arms, "unless one of us decides to sacrifice himself, and to stay behind. I claim that honour."

"I am accustomed—" began Joe.

"It is not a question of jumping out this time, but of walking to the African coast; I am a good walker—"

"I'll never consent to that!" replied Joe.

"Your generous fight is useless," said Fergusson; "I hope we shall not reach that extremity; besides, if it were necessary, instead of separating, we would go on foot together."

"That's sensible," said Joe; "a little walk would not hurt us."

"But beforehand," continued the doctor, "we must employ our last means to lighten the Victoria. There is nothing for it but to get rid of the dilatation apparatus—a weight of 900 lbs. is heavy to lift."

"But how shall you dilate the gas then, Samuel?"

"We must do without it. I have calculated exactly what ascensional power remains; it is enough to take us all three, and

Five Weeks in a Balloon

By JULES VERNE

the few remaining objects; we shall not weigh more than 500 lbs. with the anchors, which I wish to keep."

It was a long job, as it had to be taken away piece by piece; it took all their strength to move the casks from the bottom of the car, but Kennedy was so strong, Joe so skilful, and Fergusson so ingenious, that they managed it; each part was successively thrown out, and disappeared, making vast openings in the foliage of the sycamores.

"The blacks will have something to make idols of when they find them," said Joe.

These different labours were happily ended at midnight, after much fatigue; they then took a rapid meal of pemmican and cold grog, as the doctor had no longer any heat to put at Joe's disposition. Kennedy and Joe were tired out.

"Lie down and sleep, my friends," said Fergusson; "I will take the first watch; at two o'clock I will wake Kennedy, and he will wake Joe at four; at six we will start."

The time of his watch had then expired, and he awoke Kennedy, recommended him to be exceedingly careful, and took his place beside Joe, who was fast asleep.

Kennedy lighted his pipe and rubbed his eyes, which he could scarcely keep open; he leaned on his elbow in a corner, and began to smoke vigorously. Absolute silence reigned around him; a slight wind balanced the balloon, inviting him to sleep; he tried to resist it, opened his eyelids many

times, looked out without seeing, succumbed to fatigue, and slept. He did not know how long he had slept, when he was awakened by an unexpected crackling.

He rubbed his eyes and got up. An intense heat mounted to his face. The forest was in flames.

"Fire! fire!" cried he, before he understood what it was. His two companions awoke.

"The forest's on fire!" cried Joe.

At that moment they heard savage shouts underneath. "Those must be the Talibas! Al-Hadji's Marabouts!" said the doctor.

A circle of fire surrounded the Victoria; the crackling of dead wood, mixed with the sputtering of the sap in the still green wood; parasites and leaves twined in a living flame—the forest was an ocean of fire.

"We must jump out!" said Kennedy. "It's our only chance!"

But Fergusson stopped him with a firm hand, and rushing to the anchor cable cut it through with one blow of the hatchet.

The flames were already licking the bottom of the balloon, but it rose out of their reach 1,000 feet into the air. Cries and shouts were heard in the forest, with the reports of firearms; the balloon, caught in a current which had risen at daybreak, was borne westward. It was four a.m.

(To be continued)

There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. . . . She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of diseased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul.

Dickens' "Dombey and Son."

"That one tried to elope with my wife in 1905"

JANE

WELL, IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A SPOT OF PAINT TO PUT OUR OLD CANTEN TO RIGHTS, ADOLF!

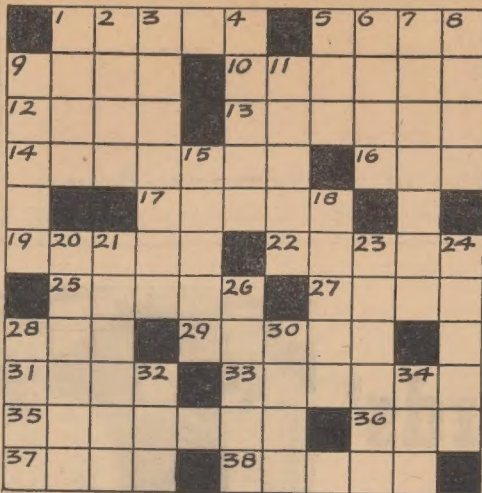
AR!—BUT IT'S TAUGHT ME SUMMAT ELSE—THERE'S A TIME FOR TALK, TOO—EH, DI?

YES—SO LONG AS YOU STICK TO BASIC ENGLISH—NICE, EASY PHRASES LIKE "I LOVE YOU," F'R INSTANCE!

THE BRAZEN HUSSY! I ALWAYS SAID THAT GIRL OF MINE HAD GOT MORE IN HER THAN MET THE EYE!

YUS—THIS 'AS BIN A LESSON TO ME, JANE—CARELESS TALK COSTS A PACKET, EH?

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Boxes.
- 5 Formal.
- 9 Route.
- 10 Proviso.
- 12 Mineral salt.
- 13 Puzzle.
- 14 Water-fowl.
- 16 Consume.
- 17 Drive back.
- 19 Ventured.
- 22 Rosy.
- 25 Red.
- 27 Light crimson.
- 28 Small crow.
- 29 Slacken.
- 31 Sharp.
- 33 Decorations.
- 35 Lowest.
- 36 Obtain.
- 37 Servant.
- 38 Riding show.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Exclusive.
- 2 Boy's name.
- 3 Lover.
- 4 Discard.
- 5 Stuff.
- 6 Rough.
- 7 Street refugees.
- 8 Pay.
- 9 Swift.
- 10 Ship.
- 15 Tree.
- 18 Wan.
- 20 Tree.
- 21 River pursuit.
- 23 Senility.
- 24 Ferment.
- 26 Nocturnal animal.
- 28 Moisture.
- 30 Note.
- 32 Stamp.
- 34 Sign of Zodiac.

PLAYED
HERO ERIC
VARY MORALS
AIM SUM LAP
PROPOSAL MI
O NOMINEE N
UP DECREASE
RAW BAY GOT
SCHOOL PLUS
KIND HEEL
GEYSERS

The stork is not the only creature that rests itself on one leg. Some men do so, too. They are the Shilluks, of East Africa, and their peculiarity is that when they are tired they stand on one leg with the sole of the foot of the other against the inside of the knee. They can maintain their pose for hours.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! If only they could train 'em for war production, think of the output!"

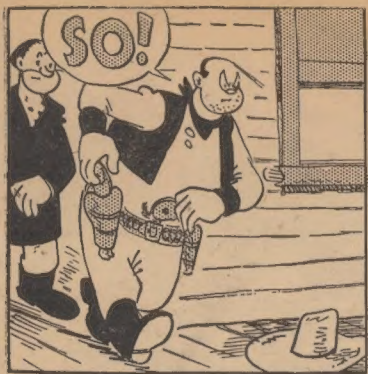
QUIZ for today

1. A riptowel is a small bathing towel, garden tool, part of a balloon, tip paid to reapers, cocktail?
2. How many colours can you think of beginning with C?
3. What is the difference between roscid and rancid?
4. What is the common name of the constellation known as Auriga?
5. In what game is the expression "Waggon and Horses" used, and what does it mean?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Leister, Leicester, Leisure, Leishore, Leiger.

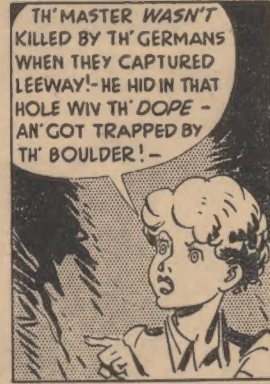
Answers to Quiz in No. 452

1. Gutter.
2. Mauve, Magenta, Madder, Mulberry.
3. Ram.
4. Western Australia, South Australia, Northern Territory, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania.
5. Five.
6. Langette.

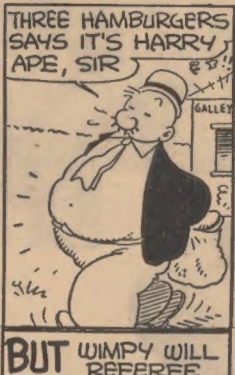
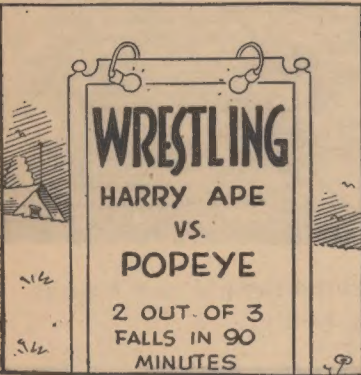
BEELZEBUB JONES



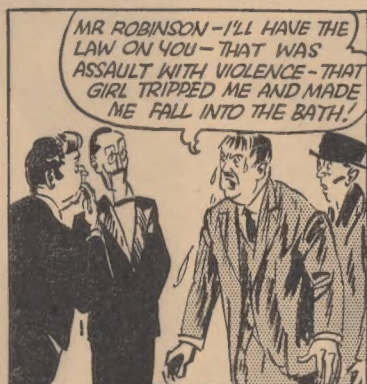
BELINDA



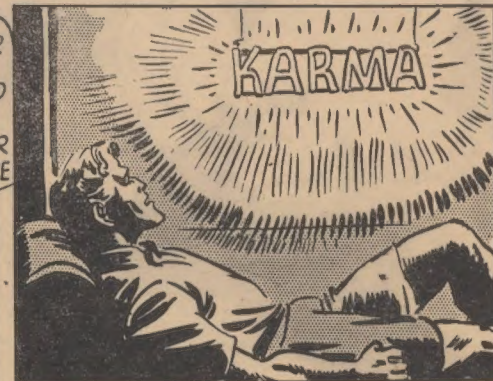
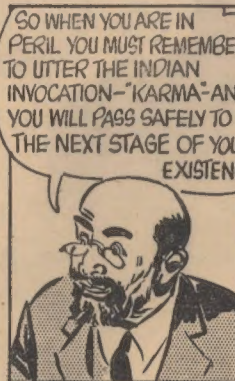
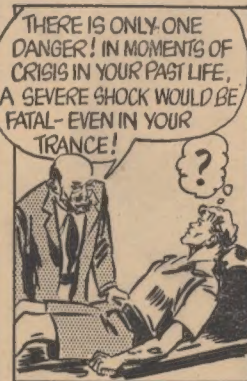
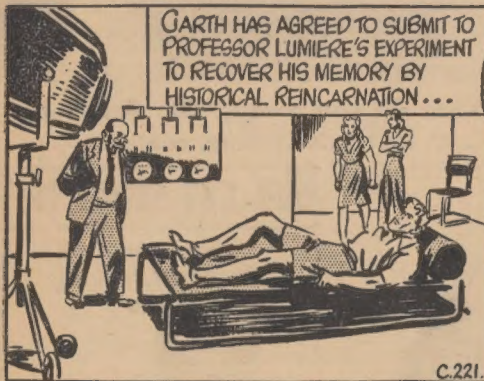
POPEYE



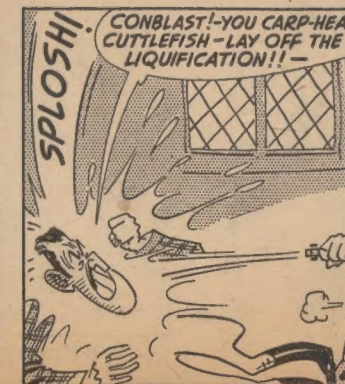
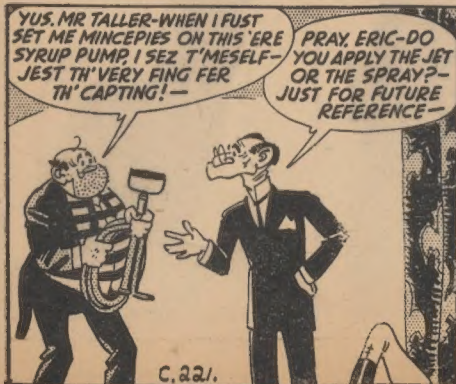
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST IAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

GOSSIP.

MOST of us live, in peace-time, flat, boring and respectable lives, and unconsciously resent the flatness and uneventfulness which the maintenance of our respectability imposes upon us. We do our best to compensate for this by tearing to bits the characters of those whose lives are obviously more exciting and romantic, especially on the sexual plane, and we cry "sour grapes" at those who indulge, as we believe, in pleasures denied to ourselves by age or lack of charm, and glory in the thought of their wickedness, for which we proceed to take it out of them.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad.

WORK.

WE cannot live without work, and as it is the laudable desire of most people to attain a far higher standard of living, it can only come through harder and more intelligent work by all classes. I say all classes deliberately, for successful industry is a co-operative effort, and if one department slacks or is unintelligent, the whole effort of the nation suffers indirectly.

Lord Londonderry.

WHY PAINT?

PRESUMABLY there are two impulses that drive men and women to paint pictures. One is a sense of wonderment that must find an outlet, so that the work of art is begotten and produced almost in spite of the travail that attends its birth. The other is an itch to play with, to dominate the chosen medium, so that the work of art is the result of the sheer fun involved in its making. Call the first kind of artist the visionary, the second the craftsman. The first rarely fails to be moving, even though his speech be halting; the second compels admiration even at his shallowest.

Eric Newton.

TWO EDUCATIONS.

TOTAL war has accelerated and Nazi Germany pushed to its furthest extreme, a tendency which everywhere was visible even in the days of peace: the universal encroachment into our lives of the technical. Technical education is concerned with means, humane education with ends. The man whose education has been wholly technical will tend to accept without question whatever moral view of the universe is dinned into him by the propaganda of his bosses.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor.

GOVERNMENT.

THE English governing classes, both the old-time aristocracy and the middle-class of the Industrial Revolution, certainly did their duty by the country and have an astonishing achievement to their credit. The whole question that hangs over the future, in which we all have a stake, is, then—is the future going to be worthy of such a past?

Professor A. L. Rowse.

THE WRITER.

I SHOULD have thought that the war would have made us writers very humble about ourselves. We don't seem to have done much of a job. . . . Are we proud to be such bad writers that we influence nobody but ourselves? Writing "leaders and notes on the state of Europe" isn't just a matter of slapping down bright thoughts and trumpeting prophecies. It is the art, as we say in the theatre, of getting things across—across that gulf which has yet to be bridged. If we failed in this, we failed in the very elements of our art, and should be feeling humble; as humble as we should feel if we had been writing comedies for years and nobody had ever laughed.

A. A. Milne.

FIRST AND LAST THINGS.

YOU cannot put first things last and last things first without suffering for it, and this is not a speculative but an historical judgment. The records of all civilisations reveal their rapid disintegration as soon as they tear themselves free of their agricultural roots. What was true of Greece, of Rome, of Syria, of Byzantium, is even truer of ourselves, since modern civilisation has carried the process of urbanising itself much further than antiquity ever did.

H. J. Massingham.

A WOMAN ON WOMEN.

MOST women are less intelligent and well-informed than most men; and most are more nervy, sensitive, high-strung and self-conscious. . . . Women are, in general, less efficient at most things, both mental and physical. They are the less practical sex. . . . Not because they are less interested; they are, I think, actually more responsive to aesthetic stimulus, such as music, poetry, beauty, emotion, religion. But the child's creative faculty seems too often to wilt in them during adolescence, and they are apt to grow up less good at doing things.

Rose Macaulay (Authoress).

Good Morning

"Naturally, the question of extra-sensory perception is still a highly debatable problem, as you must admit."



Ten little Columbia girls waiting, oh, so anxiously, for that 'phone message from you-hoo! Keep your eyes on the phone, boys — that's supposed to be the centre of interest.



Cherry and apple in full bloom round the old oast houses, at Newington, Kent.



"What do you mean, 'Old Faithful'? I'm quite young, really."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've gone all innocent, looking at you"

